

media

71



MEDIA: The Art and Literary Magazine of
Palm Beach Junior College.
Volume XV April 1971

EDITORIAL BOARD:

Virginia Curry
Beverly Dmytrow
Jane Gustus
Rick Haydan
Hank Johnson
Kathy Romaine

ART EDITOR:

Thomas P. Swartzbaugh

COVER DESIGN:

Thomas P. Swartzbaugh

ART ADVISERS:

Reuben Hale
Gene Arant

FACULTY ADVISER:

Walker A. Graham

WRITERS:

Monte Abramson
Joan Berry
Denise Boehm
Wendy Bogue
Marcia Bove
Donald P. Brown
Karen Clinton
Dr. Sidney H. Davis
Dawna
Carol Flanner
Raoul Garcia
Ron Gelman
Ed George
H. Martin Hahn
Nancy Havens
Janet Lenz
Bill Miller
Eleanor Myatt
Claire Price
Kathy Romaine
Dee Rossello
Donna Ryan
Farrell Smith
Henry Villate
Laura Ware

ARTISTS:

Monte Abramson
Dehart Cross
Kenneth Kemp
Ann Kenny
Helga King
Nancy Lundberg
Cathy McMichael
Rick Myers
Pat Poe
Shari Shreiner
Tom Swartzbaugh
Bill Tison
Susan Wagner

FOREWORD

MEDIA is one of the opportunities offered by Palm Beach Junior College for the creative development of its students. A literary magazine, it continually searches for new talent, and it takes pride in presenting as many samples as possible of this talent.

Contributions to MEDIA are judged solely by a student editorial board. The board is selected from students interested in writing, volunteers who give their time because they like to work with writers and writing. Each contribution is given a number when it is received in the editorial office, and all material is read and judged by this number. The majority of contributions receive a minimum of two readings, most are read three times. Final selection of material is done by vote.

Many worthwhile contributions have been rejected this year because of space limitations. The board respectfully thanks all contributors for their submissions and requests that they try again another year.

THE ROAD OF LIFE

The mainstream of life is a crowded,
hectic highway with soft shoulders.

Defensive driving is important
so you don't get hurt.

There are many narrow roads which lead
into the country of relative peacefulness.

There are dark, dead-end alleys
for those who want to go that way.

You can't change your mind
because U-Turns are not allowed here.

When you get very much out of the mainstream
it's rough going because of secondary maintenance.

Keep your eyes on the road
and don't read the neon signs.

Joan Berry

Ann Kenny



DECISIONS, DECISIONS

There are so many things I just don't know;
To turn right or left; to stop or go;

To use red or pink; orange or blue;
To buckle, snap, or tie my shoe;

To wear slippers or loafers; sneakers or heels;
To plan meats or fish for the family's meals;

To eat my fill or start a diet;
To voice my views or just stay quiet;

To take a shower or take a bath;
To study History or study Math;

To watch a movie or read a book;
To go out for dinner or stay home and cook;

Why am I always in the dark?
'Cause I'm the lonely Question Mark!

—Nancy Havens

U. S. A.

a hideous legacy
to dead sons fathered by dead men
whose blank eyes
never saw the nightmare of their billboard
shrouded streets
whose curious lips
never named the paradox of our
defiled "beloved" American values
whose diseased hands
sold sweat to an industry for a profit
whose dependent mind
rotted for want of use.
now our cities have covered up
the sun and stars
and dreams die in a thousand different ways.

Marcia Bove

AN AMERICAN DREAM

A child is born
In innocence and purity—
A little girl,
So sweet and nice.
A school girl—
Learning about life—
A graduate
Poised and sure—
But as yet untried
And knowing it!
A boy! A kiss! A ring!
Plans and parties—
Crying and rejoicing—
A wedding veil
And rice—
Honeymoon in June
Only for to spoon—
Rose covered cottage—
But the rose never blooms and
The roof needs fixing—
A third one's coming—
A child is born!

Claire Price



Pat Poe

I'm a girl growing up in this
trying day and age
In a crowd and yet alone in this
trying day and age

Like a flower reaching for the rays of the sun
I'm a person searching for the day I had begun
Like the leafs' changing patterns turning dull—then to bright
I have wandered in confusion, happy sadness, questioned fright.

Mirror reflections question me even more
What is life's REAL purpose?
How high is my score?

Lonely walking in the night waiting for an answered prayer
I stop and reflect and go into a stare.
then

CRYING OUT—
WHAT IS THIS?
WHAT IS LIFE?
WHO AM I?

Will I pass this world unnoticed when my heart has stopped to die?
Is there someone out there reaching for me just like you hope too?
Will he find and take my hand descrying something good and new?
Will he hold me very tightly
or make me slip on by?
When it's stopped and studied
will it make me laugh or cry?

Memories and false hopes want to make my mind stand still.

Did he hug me just 'cause I was there?
Did she say that nice thing to me with her feelings really bare?

A heart once full of laughter
I stop and look again—
A heart now filled with sadness
For so much that's never been.

Wondering what the next day will bring
Will I awake alive and sing?

Thinking of the days ahead
Pondering on days which have passed
Some came too slow—others went too fast.

Crying for being alone with memories, false hopes and dreams
Sometimes thinking it's all a mass of schemes
Schemes to engulf me—the taste of bitter tears
More and more schemes to increase my fears.

Looking around me—seeing nothing, seeing all
Questioning if there really was a man called Saul

Going to church neither atheist nor believer
Thinking of how I've used God as a problem reliever
OH, GREAT GOD, GREAT SPIRIT in the sky!
Life is so hard at times

TELL ME WHY
Tell me why there is poverty and hate
TELL ME

Will love be too late?
But then—is love the answer to the problems?
If we ALL love—can we solve them?

Looking all around me
WHAT do I see
Life as it REALLY is—
Or how it SEEMS to me?

Kathy Romaine

Me

You say I'm dirty
But yet I bathe everyday
You say I'm rebellious
Because I don't believe what you believe

Don't show me your strength
For I've seen bigger
Don't sell me on your ideas
Show me what's behind them
Don't tell me this is the way
For I have seen a better way

Lead me on the way
But let me go ahead if I can
Don't tell me I'm too young
For I'll tell you I die everyday
And I don't even know why

Show me a reason or a cause
And I'll gladly die for it
Don't tell me you have the right
But tell me why you do and
I don't

Don't tell me you died harder
Because dying hasn't changed

Raoul Garcia

"THE YOUNG GENERATION"

We read in the paper and hear on the air
Of killing and stealing and crime everywhere.
We sigh and we say as we notice the trend.
"This Young Generation" where will it end?
But, can we be sure that it's their fault alone,
That may be a part of it isn't our own?
Are we the less guilty, who place in their way
Too many things that lead them astray?
Too much money to spend—too much idle time;
Too many books not fit to be read;
Too much evil in what they hear said;
Too many children encouraged to roam
By too many parents who won't stay at home.

KIDS DO NOT make the movies, THEY DO NOT write the books
That paint gay pictures of gangsters and crooks.
THEY DO NOT make liquor, THEY DO NOT run the bars,
THEY DO NOT make the laws and THEY DO NOT buy the cars.
THEY DO NOT PEDDLE THE DRUGS THAT ADDLE THE BRAIN;
That's usually done by OLDER FOLKS—GREEDY FOR GAIN.
DELINQUENT TEENAGER! Oh, how we condemn
The sins of a nation and blame it on them,
By the laws of the blameless, the Savior made known
Who is there amongst us who will cast the first stone?
For in so many cases—it's sad, but it's true,
The title "DELINQUENT" fits older folks, too.

—Bill Miller

Thoughts of my Soul

You have hurt me
To the bounds of misery.
My thoughts are wrapped in a cloud
 Of confusion.
I know not where to turn
 But to you—
And you fail me.

My love for you carries a faint glimmer,
Which, if cared for, will shine brighter
 Than any light
 Your soft brown eyes ever gazed upon.
At this moment the glare is growing,
 Burning,
 Waiting for you.

I prove to you my strength to forgive,
 But you walk away empty.
The other whose form has entered our lives—
You turn your head his way
 And stare.
 So new
My life's blood runs cold.

My only road for escape
 Carries no passengers,
 A lonely road.
Each time I take a step in its direction,
 You call to me
 And speak with me.
I set my thoughts upon the ground before me,
 And you look.

You make my soul believe in you—
I unpack my emotions.
But as I lie with you
 And caress you,
Your eyes drift to the intruder's form.
He, just standing,
 Waiting,
 Watching,
 For you?

So now, my love,
I say to you in view of this
 I pack my memories.
To where I go, I know not.
An empty road lies before me,
 But you,
 You care not much.
I forget—
 I love—
 I search.

—H. Martin Hahn



THOUGHTS ON A LONELY DAY

Sometimes

Life is so painful that I don't want it anymore.

But—where would I be without it?

Life is Love—

But—what is love?

Does anyone ever really love?

Life is learning—

But learning hurts too.

So where does that leave me?—In pain.

But—

Who am

I?—A girl, a woman,

Sometimes,

perhaps.

—A child learning to live and think of others,
which brings me back to love.

I think, love is
wanting someone else's happiness
more than your own.

To love is to free.

—Laura Ware

Cathy McMichael

DISCOVERY OF LOVE

A body that decays in an empty depression,
A childless mother, a nightless day, a Godless heaven.
You silently pass through forever.
Destitution gives an aching strength.
A strength to find that one being who realizes your existence.
All souls must be extracted from the endless pain of loneliness.
Search, grasp to find the anxiety that tears at you strongly.
I know, because
I ached, I cried, I searched, and
I found.

Donna Ryan



Rick Myers

SOLUTION

Guy's eyes,
Passionate sighs,
Love.

Night flight,
Peaceful sight,
Dove.

Passionate Love,
Peaceful Dove,
All we need now,
Is a little shove!

—Nancy Havens

Miss Shake

Just over yonder
In that shack by the lake
Lived a man an' his daughter
Name a Miss Sarah Shake.

They say she's no beauty
Kinda homely 'n plain
An' she's scared of her Daddy
They say he's insane.

He'd beat her and leave her
locked up late at night
An' folks in this town
They know that ain't right.

But no one goes near them
They jus' ain't our kind
They don't bother us an'
We don't pay them no mind.

No one never sees Mr. Shake
'cept at night
When he comes down the road
Just ararin' to fight.

He says we been after
His daughter again
I haven't seen Sarah
Since she was just ten.

An' for years after Ol'
Mr. Shake had passed on
We saw nothing of Sarah
Some said she was gone.

But Miss Parker, my neighbor
Took food in sometime
Said the way this town acted
was simply a crime.

An' one night in September
I heard someone scream
From then on the night
was just like a bad dream.

Just outside my window
I heard someone cryin'
Miss Parker was sayin'
It's Sarah, she's dyin'.

I went in that shack
An' I heard someone groan
There lay the most beautiful
girl I had known.

I spoke to her softly
Don't know what I said
But after a minute
Miss Shake, she was dead.

So ya see, over yonder
In that shack by the lake
Lived a man and his daughter
And my biggest mistake.

Janet Lenz



geographic love

He is The South,
The stable, never-changing South.
With blue, ocean eyes,
a lazy summer smile,
and hair the color of golden sunshine.
Independent and proud, he stands tall,
as the slender palm.
With a brightness and warmth
that is, occasionally, broken by
a hurricane-like temper.

She is The North,
The unpredictable North.
With chestnut brown hair,
and eyes the color of autumn leaves.
Changing as the seasons change
From sunny and warm, to cloudy and cold.
She stands rooted, like the oak,
branching out,
reaching for him.

Janet Lenz

I Hear Music

I hear music when a sanpan swishes,
Harmonious music when a young girl wishes,
Sensational music when thoughts play with my soul,
There must be music when death takes its toll.
God plays music when the dawn slowly comes,
People like music when it's easily sung.
Spiders spin music that's beautifully spun,
Music, oh music! My life's song is sung!!

Farrell Smith

I used to love

I used to love a summer's day
and lived only for the sun;
I'd watch it rise and side by side
across the beach we'd run.

I used to love to watch the rain
as it purified the earth;
It would drive away my troubled thoughts
and give my mind new birth.

And once I loved to count the stars,
trying to pretend
That each was shining just for me
and was my distant friend.

So many things I used to love
and I guess maybe I still do;
But they're not as important since the day
I fell in love with you.

—Karen Clinton

The Perfect Love

There are many different boys
with many different faces
they have different personalities
and come from different places.

There are short boys and tall boys
thin boys and fat
but the boy I fall in love with
won't look at all like that.

Of course, he won't be perfect
I wouldn't want him to
but I just know his eyes will be
green, or brown, or blue.

His hair, I know, will have to be
blond, or black, or brown
and I'll just bet he'll always smile
or else he'll wear a frown.

His hair will be so curly
unless, of course, it's straight
he might be short or very tall
whatever was his fate.

He might be a millionaire
or he might not have a dollar
he'll be a high school drop-out
or else he'll be a scholar.

He may not seem too different
but in one way he will be
cause the boy I'll be in love with
will be in love with me.

—Janet Lenz



Tom Swartzbaugh

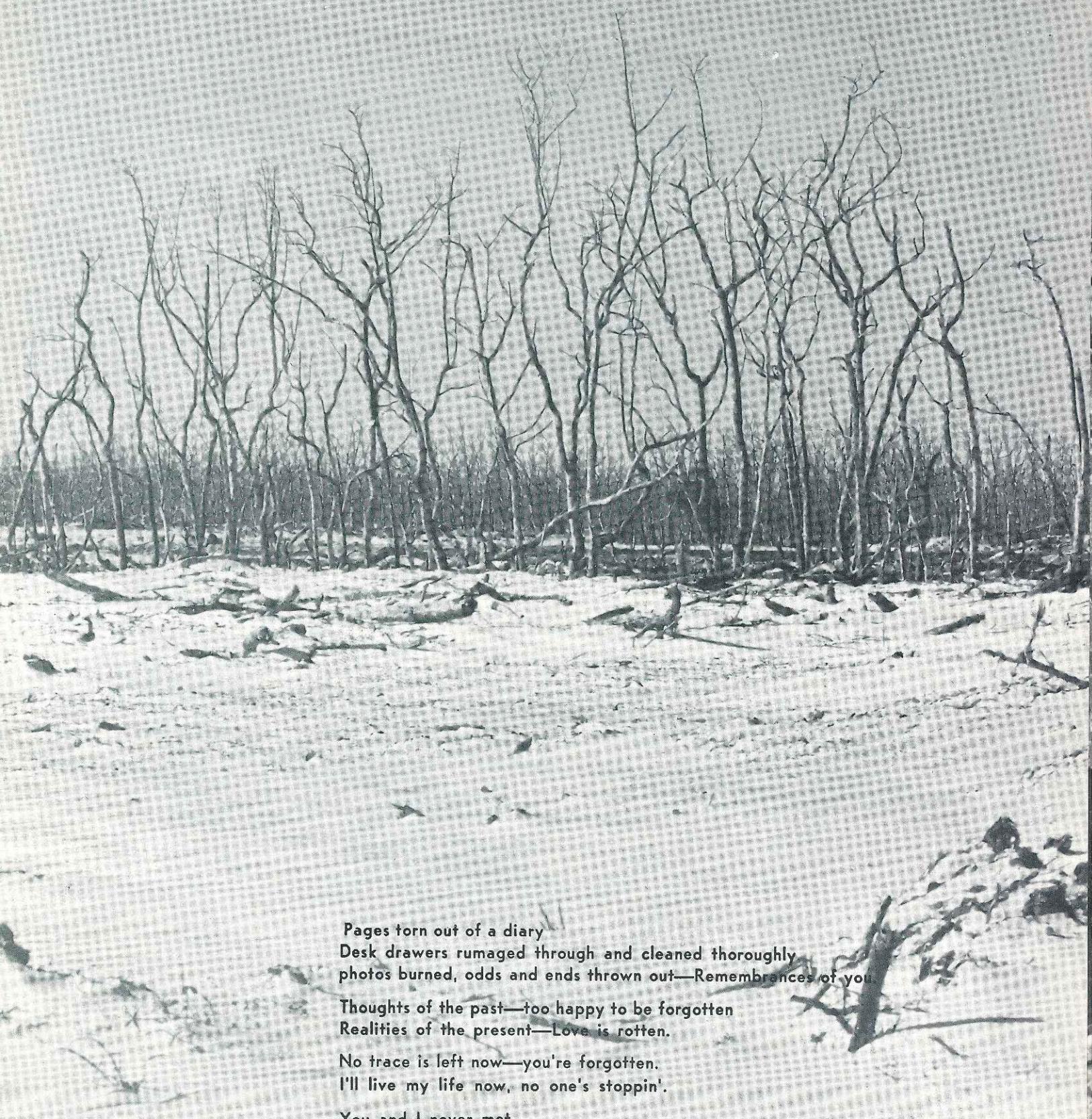


Sacrifice

The beginning of not being forever able
to lift your eyes
to the twisted image of
a mirrored reflection
of your own growing
erupting rebellious hatred
A giving-up of what you
have always been programmed
to want (for all mankind)
not wanting to be any part of
that super ten percent
a longing for newness
not new things
but a lack of things
you always had
believing and knowing
you never really needed them

Ed George

Pat Poe



Pages torn out of a diary
Desk drawers rumaged through and cleaned thoroughly
photos burned, odds and ends thrown out—Remembrances of you.

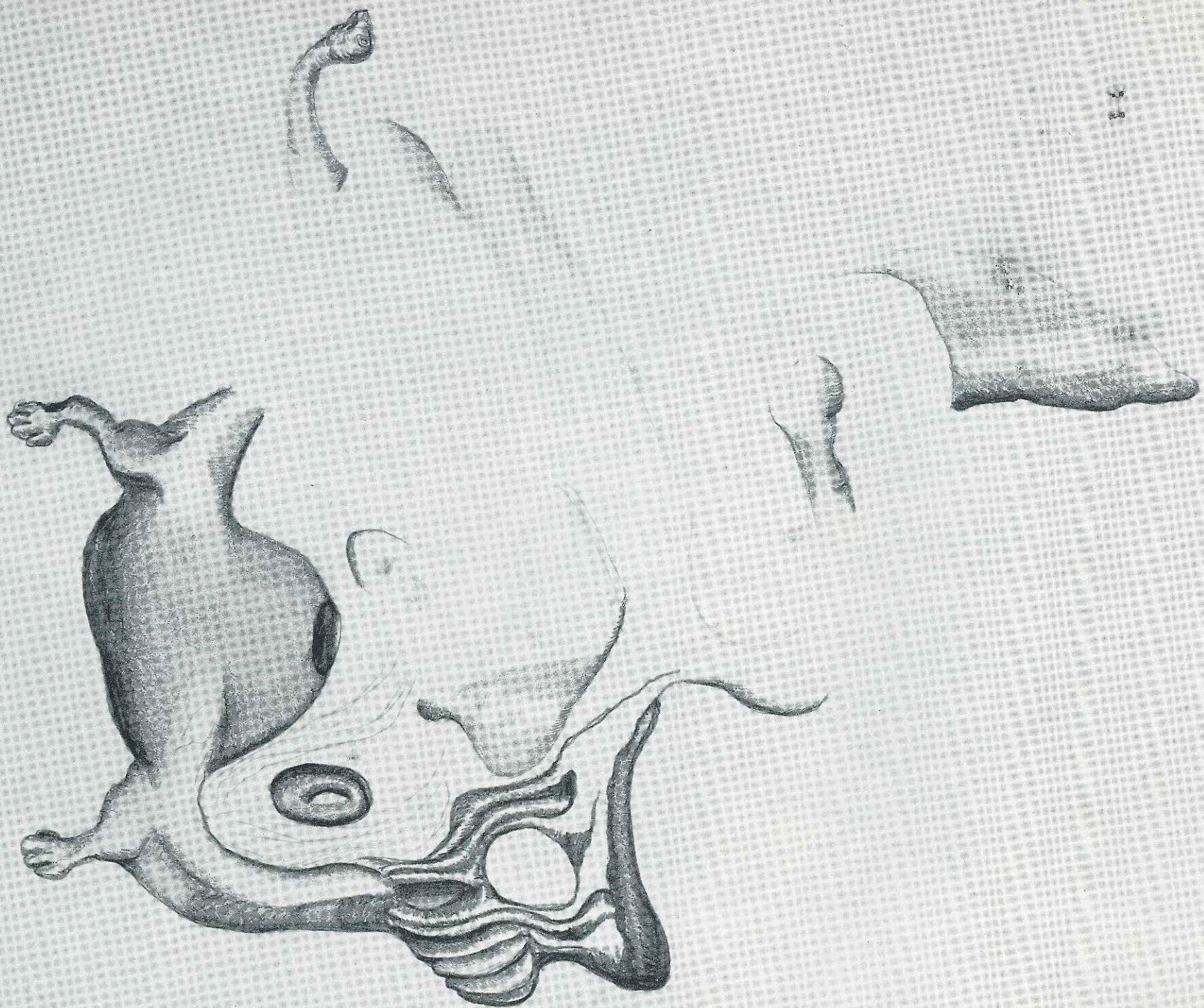
Thoughts of the past—too happy to be forgotten
Realities of the present—Love is rotten.

No trace is left now—you're forgotten.
I'll live my life now, no one's stoppin'.

You and I never met.
But wait—
My God! I have MEMORIES yet!

—Kathy Romaine

Bill Tison



Monte Abramson

Love

Leave Me Alone

Let me Go my Way

Surely You Couldn't Want Me

I'll only Cause You Pain

Raoul Garcia

He Doesn't Love Me Anymore

He doesn't love me anymore
I've got to face that fact
Our romance just expired
It's not a life contract
Last night while we were walking
I saw it in his eyes
All the things he's told me
I know now, were just lies.
Now he has a new love
and I hope he's satisfied
I hope their laughter will make up
for all the nights I've cried.
With a painted smile upon my face
and a heavy, broken heart,
I'll face the world tomorrow
and make a brand new start.
I'll show them I don't really care
and that I'm glad I'm free
And nobody will know the truth
Except, of course, for me.

—Janet Lenz

FICKLE

Oh, I remember when I could never stop saying "I love you."
It was when I was young and you were foolish.
My heart was a silent artist that painted all the swirling colors
Of the rainbow, when just standing near you.
I wanted you to care for me a little bit, and for one second of my life
I know you did.
Now I wish the strokes of the brush would stop, and leave the canves to
Be forgotten

Donna Ryan

Don't Break My Proverbial Heart

It never ceases to amaze me how the heart got so closely related to love.

I wonder how many arrows the little cherub known as Cupid has shot into the poor involuntary muscle? By the way, how many times have you heard the expression: "You broke my heart?" Certainly if this were the case, a transplant would be necessary after a very ill-fated love affair.

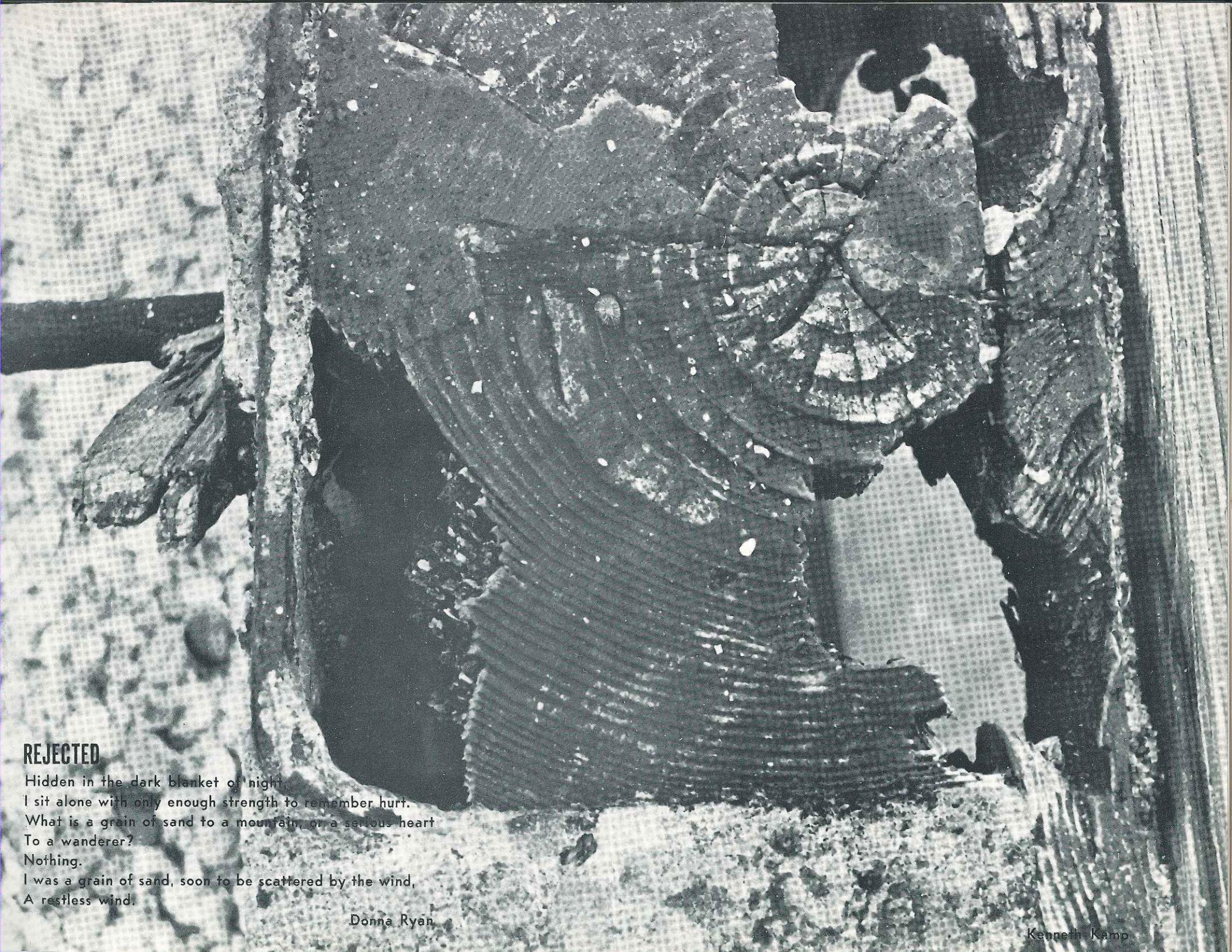
Granted, the heart is a nice organ to have around, but why should this already overworked, quadruple-cavitated muscle bear the brunt of mankind's more passionate feelings?

If, for example, the correlation between love and another organ had been drawn way back when, we could be saying things like: "You lacerated my liver and upset my metabolism." Or perhaps a little deeper into the anatomy: "You permeated my pancreas and now I have indigestion." How about: "You've split my spleen and now I can't coagulate." Think how forlorn your lover will feel when you attack him with the unforgettable utterance, "You've torn my trachea and I'm turning blue."

On second thought, I think perhaps I am in favor of the old adages concerning the heart.

Even if emotions and the heart are not synonymous, a wayward love affair would not end in torture; it would enjoy a hasty death.

—Farrell Smith



REJECTED

Hidden in the dark blanket of night,
I sit alone with only enough strength to remember hurt.
What is a grain of sand to a mountain, or a serious heart
To a wanderer?
Nothing.
I was a grain of sand, soon to be scattered by the wind,
A restless wind.

Donna Ryan

Kenneth Kamp

A Two Character Play

(Scene: Life is standing; Death is prone.)

Life: I come here to watch the sky. This place is known for its cloud patterns, little puffs of smoke that form images; they change from moment to moment. A moment; what is a moment? An unknown measure of time. I come here to watch the clouds form patterns in the sky. Sometimes I think I recognize them, sometimes I can't, and sometimes they change so quickly, I don't even see them. Why do I stand here watching these cloud patterns pass by? I stand here sometimes till I ache, because I want to find one, just one cloud pattern that is real. Sometimes I see what I think looks like a horse; someone else says its not a horse but a cow; and still another says its not a horse nor a cow, but a dog with long pointed ears. I come here to watch the sky and the puffs of cloud patterns because I want to find one, just one that is real.

Let me tell you about the first time I arrived here, the very first moment I cried. I cried because I was spanked. I knew from that moment that this place would be hostile to me. I cry, and before I can cry I must laugh, and before this I must cry again. This is what this place is all about? Standing till you ache watching little puffs of clouds form patterns in the sky? You laugh then cry, then do it all over again. What is in between?

Death: I am in between. I am in a place where I come to rest, when I grow tired of watching the sky. I come here when I sleep, when I am satisfied, when time is wasted. Time is never wasted in this place, because time here is eternal. This is why there is fear in this place. There are no tears nor laughter to make tears, just rest, peaceful rest, an eternity of rest. An eternity; what is an eternity? An unknown measure of time. Here I cannot see the sky, and the puffs of clouds forming patterns that look like a horse, that could be a cow or a dog with pointed ears. This place has nothing but darkness, and there is fear in darkness, because darkness is something you do not see; it is something you feel. Light asks the questions, darkness gives the answers, and so it is the other way around. I ask a question; which has the most curiosities — the light or the darkness?

Life: What a stupid question!

Death: Questions are always stupid because they lead to other questions. You should know that.

Life: Why should I know it?

Death: Because you are full of questions. I shall ask one.

Life: Which is what?

Death: Why is your place desired over my place? Here there is no pain nor sorrow. Only rest and peace.

Life: Your price is very high. I only ask for a moment, you ask for eternity.

Death: A moment? An eternity? There is no difference; they are both an unknown measure of time.

Life: How can you compare a moment with eternity?

Death: Here we go again—questions, questions, questions! You are always full of questions.

(QUICKLY)

Life: And you; you ask none?

Death: None!

Life: Some?

Death: None!

Life: One?

Death: One? Maybe some.

(BACK TO REGULAR TEMPO)

Life: You avoid answers; I ask again. How can you compare a moment with an eternity?

Death: Let me see; you speak of yourself in moments, and I, I am an eternity. There is no difference.

Life: What?

Death: They are both an unknown measure of time. One man's moment is another man's eternity. Today you may be a moment of truth, tomorrow an eternity of nothingness.

Life: (Angrily) I don't know why I always try to reason with you.

Death: You reason with me every day because you love me.

(QUICKLY)

Life: I hate you!

Death: Love!

Life: Hate!

Death: Love!

Life: Hate!

(NORMAL TEMPO)

Death: What's the difference? They are both the same. The fact is you can't exist without me.

Life: And you without me. Nothing can exist without another . . . (moment) . . . I must make a confession.

Death: Why is it when you speak to me it is always a confession?

Life: (lovingly) Sometimes I crave to visit you; sometimes I even beg to see you.

Death: You can be so sweet. I can't bear to see you suffer. That's why I embrace you from time to time. Everytime I hold you in my arms another sorrow is gone.

Life: Yes, you are a comfort for me. At this moment I do love you. I do.

Death: (raises up) Come, come to me. I feel your heart is heavy with grief. Let me take it away.

Life: Yes . . . Look . . . look at the sky . . . the clouds are making patterns. What is it? Is it a horse? A cow? Or a dog with pointed ears.

Death: Why does it matter? Come closer to me; let me embrace you.

Life: Yes, another moment is gone.

(THEY EMBRACE, WITH THE KISS OF DEATH.)

Henry Villate

Cage 7

"Which one is he?"

"The little one, over there in the corner."

Jeff watched Joey's finger as he pointed out the smallest puppy in the kennel, and probably the ugliest. His long, shaggy hair was an off-white with spots of brown scattered every here and there. His tail was twice as long as his body and when he walked he stepped on his own ears. When he heard Joey's familiar whistle, his tail beat so hard he nearly knocked himself over and his short little legs hurried over to meet him.

"What's his name?" Jeff asked. He was trying to look very serious as he watched the silly-looking puppy trip over an ear.

"He doesn't have one. Not yet, anyway." Joey was whispering now as if he were not talking to his friend but to the tiny dog whose sad face was poking through a hole in the huge steel fence that surrounded him. Hanging on the fence was an old sign which said "Cage 7."

"Why do they lock things up?" Joey asked. He was always asking questions that Jeff could not answer. But he never really expected an answer. He was scratching the puppy's head and talking to him very softly.

"We'd better get going, Joe. It's getting pretty late." Jeff knew how much the dog meant to Joey, but he also knew that there was a rule against having dogs at the orphanage. Joey was always doing things against the rules. Other than Jeff, he had no friends. The other boys were never there long enough for Joey to get to know them. There was always someone who wanted a son badly enough to adopt one, but no one seemed to want Joey. He had been an orphan for nearly eight years now. His mother had left him at the orphanage just a few weeks after his birth and then disappeared.

His father was gone long before he was born. The only thing they had to identify him was a slip of paper which said "Joey." Of course, Joey could not remember any of this, and nobody ever bothered to tell him about it. He often wondered why he had just one name. Jeff told him that he did have a last name but nobody knew what it was. Joey wondered why his life was so different from the lives of other boys. He also wondered about the big fence that surrounded his home. It was very much like the fence that stood between Joey and the dog.

"Joey, did you hear what I said?"

Joey did not answer. He slowly stood up and the two boys started home.

"If I were rich I would buy a huge farm. And all the dogs and cats and children that nobody else wanted would all come and live with me. And there wouldn't be any fences. Would you like to come and live with me, Jeff?"

This time Jeff did not answer. He was thinking about all the money he had earned last summer, more than enough to pay for a dog. They could keep him in the basement at night and let him run loose during the day. He was sure they could get enough scraps from the kitchen to feed a dog as small as that. No one would ever have to know.

The next morning was beautiful. As Joey walked through the pound, he still could not believe what Jeff had told him. The little puppy was going to be his. He stopped in front of the big cage and whistled. His dog was not there.

"Where's my dog?" Joey demanded. He had never spoken to the big man who ran the kennels before, but this was an exception. He had to find his dog.

"Well, that all depends," the man smiled.

"Which dog's yours?"

"The little one. He was in this cage."

"Oh, cage seven. We're not supposed to keep the dogs longer than seven days. We had to put a couple to sleep this morning. Your dog must have been one of them."

Joey could feel the tears rolling down his cheeks. He thought about the farm he would never have. He thought about all the unwanted and unloved animals and children in the world and suddenly he wished they were all in cage seven. He wished that he was in cage seven.

—Janet Lenz



Dehart Cross

Sour
lemons
make you
pucker up.

So
do
kisses.

may
be
they
go together.

Dawna

A LESSON

Stop. Why are you fighting?
Are you above understanding?
Is compassion only child's play?

Remember the sparrow
you nursed back to health years ago
when we were ignorant children?

Please, why have you changed?
Tell me so I can be like you.
Don't be selfish, share your secret.

That's right, now I understand.
Tenderness is for the children.
Now we are grown and must go fight.

Joan Berry

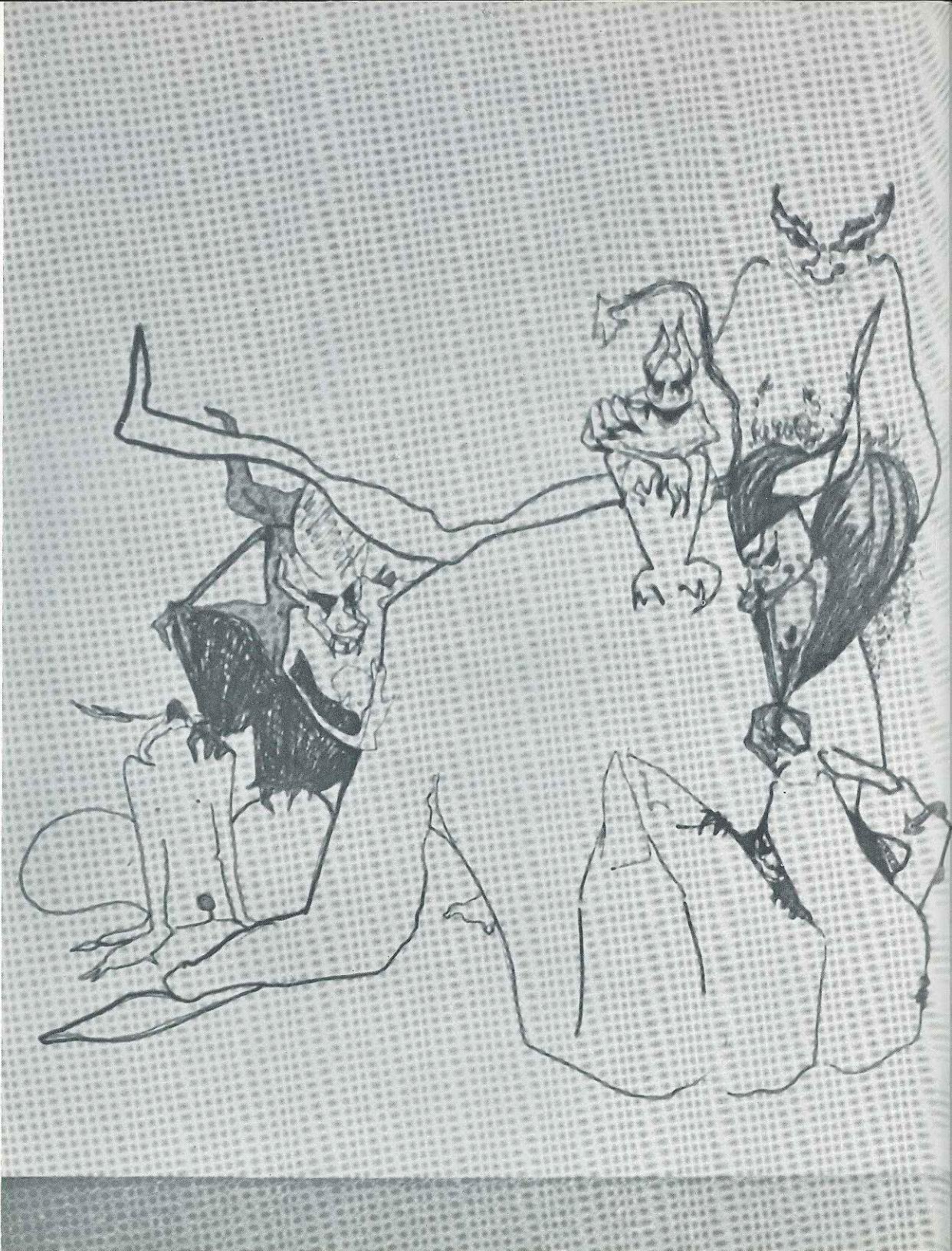
The Masquerade

The spark, suppressed, evolves into a flame
A moment's flush tells tale of his delight,
This whisper of unguarded truth—struck dumb
By words that his advent to her reflects
Some whim to contemplate the view.

Her eager eye detects his compliment,
Boosts her morale . . . a smile escapes her lips,
A flash her eyes, before she paints herself
All counterfeit. Responds with coy restraint:
Beguile, deceive, delude . . .
The masquerade begins.

Wendy Bogue

Shari Shreiner



If it isn't always easy
to say what you are

it could be:
that one certain label won't fit you.

It's the combination that counts:
you playing shrink after a bad day
or pretending you understand
my stoned jibberish
and making me feel a little more together

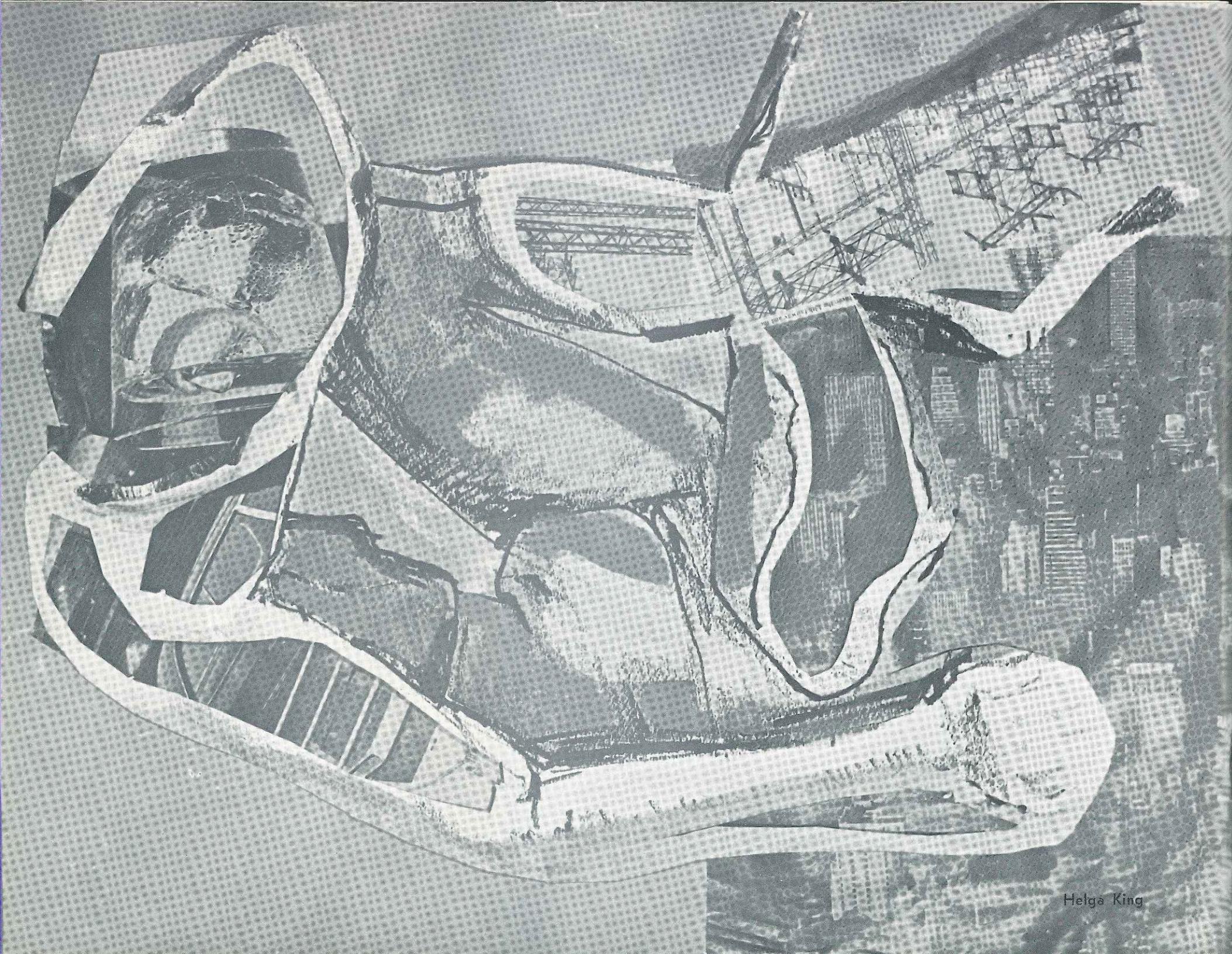
just being there.

Dawne

Tattered blankets
Teddy Bears
Toys and games
To lessen fears
Windows with locks
Doors with chains
Curtains closed
While your life's arranged
Denise Boehm

Uncomplicated by man's complexities
Untouched by man's hurting hand.
Deaf to man's gossip
Blind to his ugliness
Honest and simple
I am what I am—
A Child
Forever.

Denise Boehm



Helga King

STONEHENGE

Gaunt fingers thrusting upward,
Pointed into the infinite sky,
As in centuries long forgotten,
Begging man's immemorial "Why?"

Bleak atop the desolate downlands,
Still appealing the ancient question
Silent and stark on the windswept plain,
Haunting each generation of men.

Human monument and entreaty
Reaching up to the endless unknown,
Daring the mute, mysterious heavens
Mocking man's masterpieces in stone.

Gaunt giant fingers thrusting upward,
On through darkness, lightning and rain—
Symbol of man's stout searching spirit—
Silent and stark on the windswept plain.

Eleanor Myatt

ODE TO PUBLIC EDUCATION

Shrouded empty laughter flows from the
darkened room;
The icy glares of mindless souls illuminate
an aged volume suspended by a steel rope
in the middle of the chamber.
The ancient book spins slowly with wisps
of dust trailing from its frayed edges.
The nebulous creatures present surround the
text encircling it,
and watch and wait forever.

Monte Abramson

Susan Wagner



A GRIM TALE

"Mommy, Mommy! Look! Over here—what is that, Mommy?" Suzie was pulling her mother over to the weird looking display in the Everglades Natural History Museum.

"Just a moment, dear. I have to turn up the volume on my audio control."

The two of them, mother and child, were standing—each lost in her own thoughts. The little girl was enthralled and enchanted by the displays. Here was one—encased in a structure carefully designed for the control of atmospheric conditions. There was green—like a miniature carpet—growing—actually growing in strands! When you stood away it looked like a green carpet, but as you got up closer, you could see each individual blade—and among the green were little colored flowers. Real ones!

Suzie had seen pictures of flowers, but these were the first ones she had ever seen that were really alive and really growing! Suzie saw the animals, too. These were not alive, but were stuffed. They did look real though. They were so pretty. There was a black and red and yellow snake basking on a rock. And the birds! The wonderfully colored birds—they almost looked alive. Here was one with a bit of grass in his beak, building his nest in a tree—yes, a tree. And there was water—clear water running in a stream through the grass. Suzie imagined herself real real tiny—she was running through that grass and looking up, up, up at the huge tree—straight up all the way to the top—and the sky was the softest shade of blue ever!

Of course, Suzie had seen animals before—the problem of Rat Control was really getting quite out of hand all over the city. Just this morning Suzie had seen another TV program about it.

Suzie's mother stood there and the miniature glade brought back memories of when she was very young. The Everglades wasn't a museum then, but a vast expanse of natural wilderness. Her parents had taken her there a few times and she had seen all the animals running free—and alive! She could remember the sounds of the birds—the chirp of one, the whistle of another, and the caw of the crow. She could even remember the big old ugly alligator who had lived in the pond.

It was time to leave now—they had to stop on the way home and do a few errands. They had to stop at the Breath Store and get all of their oxygen tanks refilled. Suzie's mother sighed as she remembered that when she was a girl, the only people who used oxygen tanks were skin divers—that too was a thing of the past. No living thing could enter the waters now! Of course, now the tanks were a necessary part of life—everyone must carry his supply of oxygen, for there was simply no other way to breathe. And the scientists had not yet found a drug to enable the human system to convert carbon monoxide back into life-giving oxygen.

Suzie's mother remembered other things, too—she remembered the days when people could talk to one another without amplifiers, and when you didn't have to wear the tanks and helmets. She remembered when you could go outdoors and look up at the blue skies and go for a walk and even hear the silence of nature. She even remembered a bad time—when she was around eight years old—there was a near disaster! It was summer—the entire country had been in the throes of a heat wave, and as a result, inversion had settled heavily over most of the big cities. People did not know how

to cope with it and a great many people died or got ill. Funny, how you got used to things—
inversion was constant now and the oxygen tanks and plexiglass helmets were just a part of life.

Suzie had probably never seen a blue sky—
O, once in a while it got sort of grey instead of the constant black, but never did the sky turn blue. Real daylight was unknown now.

Entire cities were enclosed in gigantic domes and lit with electricity twenty four hours a day—powered by the vast atomic power plant. This was one of the reasons that there was not life in the sea. Though now instead of having to heat your house water for washing you had to refrigerate it for drinking and cooking. It did make it easier to heat the house in the winter, as all you had to do was to pipe the naturally hot water through the house.

Suzie's mother also could recall the days when you could take a plane up to New England and see the breathtaking beauty of the forests in all of their colorful splendor—or drive to Maryland and see the miles and miles of gently rolling hills green hills. Not now! Now from Key West to Bar Harbor, Maine was one vast never ending network of city. People, cars, machines, concrete. Miles and miles and miles of concrete. Seas of it stretching forever in every direction. East to the coastline; west—maybe all the way to California; north to Canada and beyond; south to the keys. And up. Riding over the city in a plane, all you could see were towers of concrete reaching ever and ever higher into the sky!

By now Suzie and her mother were in their atomic car inching their way homeward on the always crowded autoway.

RRRing!! The phone rang out in the quiet vehicle. Suzie picked it up. "Hello, Daddy, we are on our way home. We just have to stop at the Breath Store. When will you get home, Daddy?"

"Well, hone, that's why I'm calling. Our plane is in a holding pattern of the Glades Jetport. We won't be able to land for another couple of hours, so I'm going to go ahead and grab supper up here. You and Mom better eat without me. Tell Mom to call Joe at the Copter Center and ask him to have my copter ready for me at the Jet-port at 7:30. If the air traffic from the Glades to the house isn't too heavy, I should be home before 8:30."

"O.K., Daddy, goodbye. O, Daddy, today we went to the Glades Natural History Museum and we saw so many things! Mommy says that when you and her were little things were like that all over! Were they really, Daddy? It was so pretty!"

"Yes, angel, it was pretty. I'm glad you had a good day. I'll see you later. So long, now."

—Claire Price

All the Tomorrows

Hate and Confusion are the words
we use
Love and peace are people we don't
see
Together we could arrange it
But that would be too much
pain

For without Hate
How Could we tell Love
And without confusion
How could we tell peace

Raoul Garcia

TIME

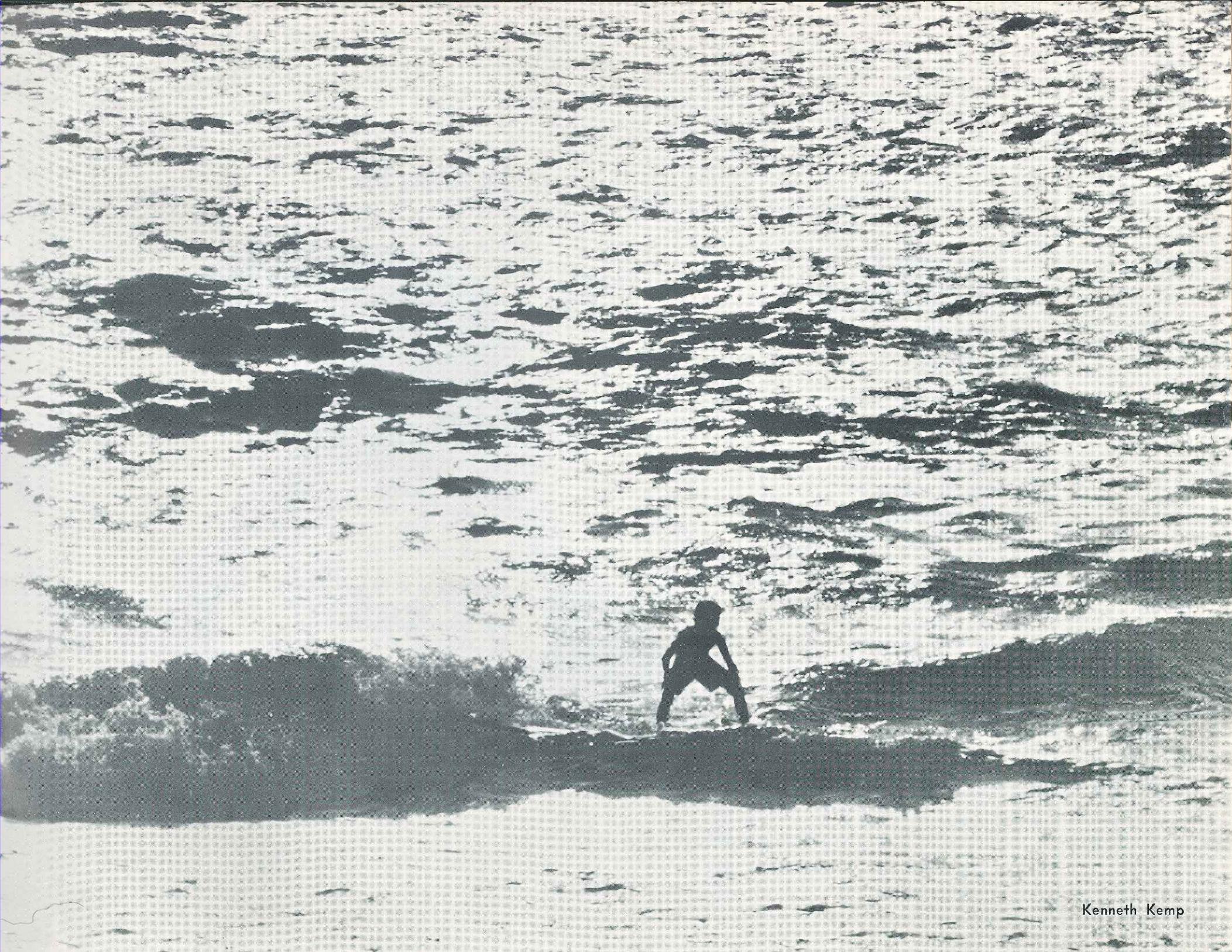
Take time
to look at yourself
make time
to see what you are
leave me for a minute to think about
what you
are doing to me

—Ed George

PROMISES

I wove them together
The dark and the light,
With strands I had made,
Some sombre some bright;
The pattern I wrought
Was eternally true
But most of it not
What I'd promised to do.
Each year it's the same
As the old dies away,
I promise to do better
As day follows day;
Just give me a chance Lord,
This year seventy-one
I'll make everything right,
And earn Thy—WELL DONE!

Dr. Sidney H. Davis



Kenneth Kemp

"The Lonely Sea"

Her waves gently lap the sand
Making it cool and damp.
She is still
And silent
And lonely.

The seagulls know it.
They fly slowly over the ocean
And call to her:
"Do not be lonely!
"For we are here
And will comfort you."

The wind knows it—
They whisper to her:
"We will cool you during the day
And sing to you at night."

So the sea lives on.
She is lonely
But she is comforted
And all is still.

Carol Flanner

The Changing Tide

I stood upon the lonely beach
as the day come to its close
With the taste of salt upon my tongue
and the sand between my toes.

With the moon's reflection on the waves
my mind began to roam
The loneliness I felt that night
made me wish that I were home.

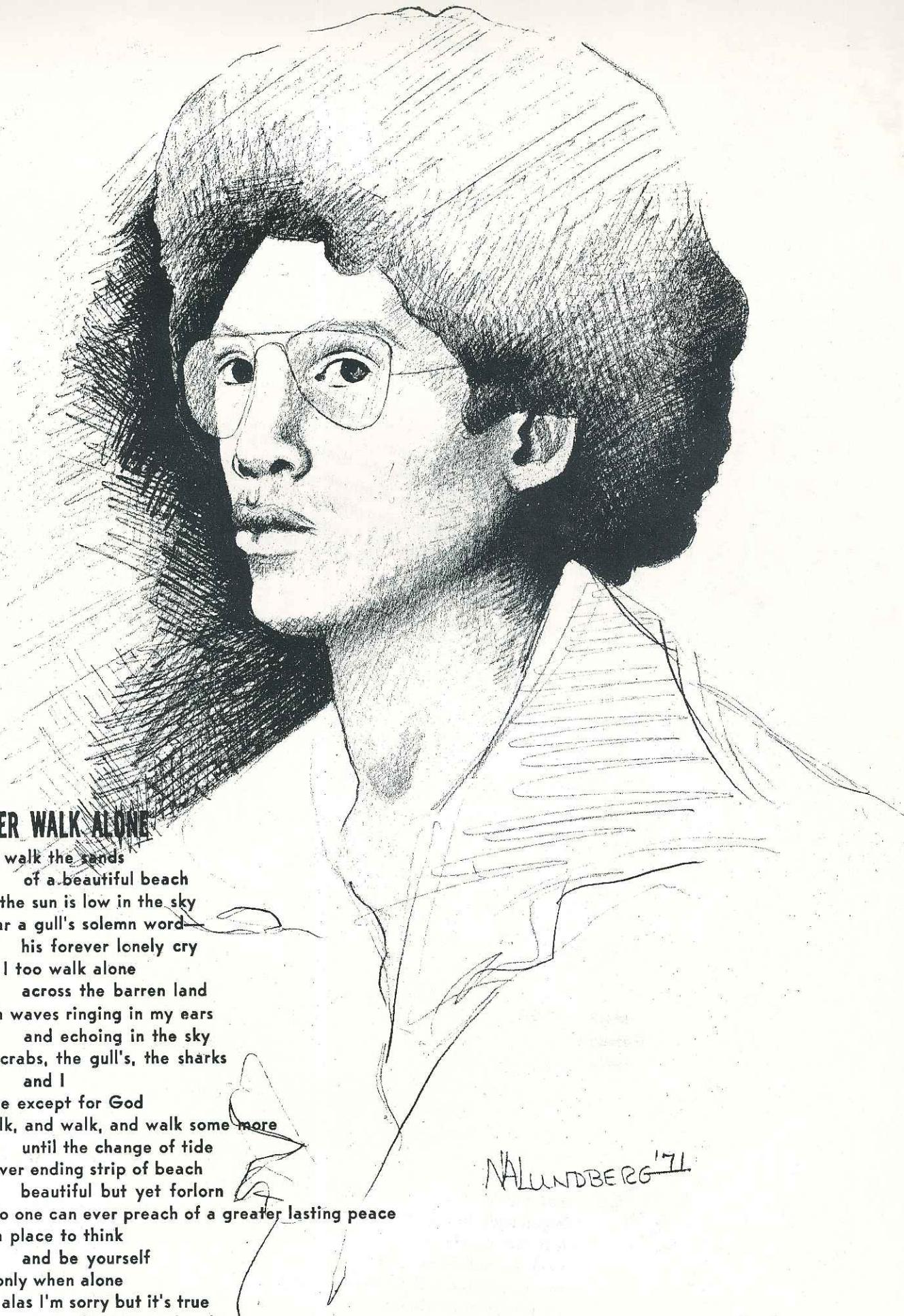
So I built myself a castle
with a city all around
Then a little further down the beach
another little town.

And soon I had three countries
then four, then five, then six
And to think that I had built it all
of sand, and stones, and sticks.

In no time at all I'd built a world
with walls around each side
And everything was beautiful
and then, there came the tide.

And when the tide had rolled away
I heard a sea gull scream
I looked with sad and weary eyes
at the ruins of my dream.

—Janet Lenz



NEVER WALK ALONE

As I walk the sands
of a beautiful beach
and the sun is low in the sky
I hear a gull's solemn word
his forever lonely cry
And I too walk alone
across the barren land
With waves ringing in my ears
and echoing in the sky
The crabs, the gull's, the sharks
and I
Alone except for God
I walk, and walk, and walk some more
until the change of tide
A never ending strip of beach
beautiful but yet forlorn
An no one can ever preach of a greater lasting peace
It's a place to think
and be yourself
But only when alone
And alas I'm sorry but it's true
even a hermit needs a home

NANCY LUNDBERG '71

Ron Gelman

Nancy Lundberg

